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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. VI

APRIL 23, 1943

NO. 1

FORMER ASSOCIATE EDITOR STIVERSON NOW CORRESPONDENT FOR UNION CITY

Dear Fly Paper pals:

Here goes. If you can't read it, don't blame me. These typewriter keys dodge when we stab at them.



"Republican" J. Brannon

We want to introduce to you John V. Brannon, who was born in Bridgeport, W. Va. on November 20, 1915.

After much work and struggle, mixed with a portion of basketball and some small amount of study, he was graduated from high school. About this period in his life he will not be persuaded to say much.

Then he entered the University of West Virginia as a pre-med student. During his stay there he became a member of Beta Theta Pi. John went out for the boxing team but had his nose broken and decided not to continue in this branch of sport.

After leaving college he got a job with the Standard Oil company of New York. The New York part of the title is misleading, however, for they sent him to Texas. Becoming sick of the heat and lizards of the Lone Star State, he went back to West Virginia the following summer.

For lack of anything else to do, John decided to enroll in a primary CPT Program then in progress at the Harrison County Airport. It's a curious coincidence that his Instructor in this course, Burdette Bucy, has just finished his instructor refresher course at this Field under the guidance of

John and is now a full fledged Instructor here.

On his first solo hop under Bucy, John took off and climbed to three thousand feet. For a while everything was fine, then the carburetor came loose from the motor. Trying not to become excited, he selected a good sized field, spiraled down and came up into the wind, making a perfect three pointer.

Bucy rushed to a phone and reported the forced landing to the operator of the school. "Brannon just had a forced landing but he's O.K." "To h— with Brannon," the owner retorted. "What about the ship?"

Logging Hours

After primary there was no getting away from flying, so secondary, cross country, and instructor refresher followed in quick succession. During this period he augmented the CPT time with a number of hours in private ships.

Having logged about two hundred hours by November, 1941, he entered the refresher school at Carlstrom Field and became an Instructor in George Eckart's Flight 2. He married Polly Ward of Clarksburg on January 17, 1942.

Brannon was shifted to the instrument school and shortly thereafter was transferred to Union City to assist Charlie Sullivan in the refresher school. As soon as the infant school had enough Instructors to operate, he shifted to Flight 2 under Chick Clark.

Now he has a Flight of his own and turns out class after class of top notch students.

Flight Line

New faces on the ramp. Class 43-I, goggle eyed, watching the incoming and outgoing planes. Talk of stalls, rectangular courses, etc.

Little groups here and there. Instructors, talking mostly with their hands, explaining maneuvers to their Cadets. Every one in a hurry to take advantage of the perfect flying weather.

Helen Bond in the Parachute Room, busy checking out 'chutes. Heaving the heavy packs up and across the counter.

Noticing the tenseness on the faces of

the men up for periodic checks. Their check riders taking a last drag on the cigarette before grinding it under heel.

Little "Flaps" Kleiderer came in at the heels of his foster papa, Lt. Kleiderer. "Flaps" is about four months old and has a pedigree a mile long. More or less. We don't know if the guard required a pass or not. Don't imagine so. "Flaps" could wiggle himself into the affections of the most hardened soul.

Idle Chatter

"Slick" McVay always wondering where "he" can be.

June Dowland and "Hedy" Cashon use Anne McCord for referee when they get to fussin'.

Virginia Roper has a new hat. Unless we are color blind, it's red. Virginia, better known as "Pinky," has her heart set on a guy named Percy, we hear.

Perry Bryant, formerly at Carlstrom Field, is instructing here now in Ray Ryan's flight three.

Continued on Page 15



Instructor Dave Moore

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
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Letters to the Editor

Upper Darby, Pa.
April 14, 1943

Dear Editor:

My husband and I wish to thank you for sending us the Fly Paper every week. We both enjoy reading every bit of it.

Our son, Harry B. Hansell, who trained at Carlstrom Field in Class 41-1, has just been promoted to Captain and is stationed at Boca Chica Air Base.

His Instructor at Carlstrom was "Frosty" Jones.

Thanking you once more for the paper, we are

Very truly yours,
Mr. and Mrs. C. Hansell

Editor's Note: Thanks for your nice letter and please send our congratulations to Harry—that's nice going in such a short time.

26 Dalton Road
Morecambe
Lancashire, England

To the Editor,

I deeply regret to inform you my dear son, T. A. Tate of the above address, was killed in a flying accident last August.

Thank you, America, for what you did for my boy; he enjoyed his training very much.

Yours truly,
Mrs. H. F. Tate

Editor's Note: Our hearts go out to Mrs. Tate, whose son will be remembered by many here in Miami and by many more at Riddle Field, Clewiston, where he received his flight training. We are writing Mrs. Tate a personal note, and we know that some of you at Riddle Field will wish to do the same.

AAFCIS
Randolph Field, Texas
April 9, 1943

Dear Editor,

I am now teaching in the Basic Instructors School here at Randolph. For Fly Paper info, there are quite a few ex-Carlstrom boys here: Major Ola, Lts. L. P. Smith, Jack O'Brien, Nussabaum, and Heinie Kight.

Give my regards to Mr. Riddle, Mr. Povey, and the rest and get some of the boys to drop me a line.

Is Bob Greer still at Carlstrom? Could you find out and let me know?

Tell the gang T. Terrible Timid Timothy is still batting the ball.

Sincerely,
Thomas Waldo Davis

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from Terrible Timothy's letter. He seems hungry for news from the old Carlstromites, so how's about a few letters sent his way?

19 Quernmore Road
Bromley, Kent
England
March 16, 1943

Dear Editor:

It has been my intention for a considerable time to write to thank you for your kindness in sending me your very delightful publication, which you call the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper, before and since my son Raymond spent a very happy six months in your delightful country.

There he received not only a sound training in the Air Force which enabled him eventually to become a full-fledged pilot, but in addition, from all accounts, he was given the time of his life with the immense hospitality given by the number of friends he made during his stay at Montgomery, Arcadia and other places.

Because of his constant mention of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, Judge W. Jones and many others, whose kindness I feel he will never forget, his stay in Montgomery was "home from home."

If you are good enough to publish this letter, his many friends will hear that my wife and myself appreciate to the fullest extent the many happy hours that my son and his colleagues in the Force spent in Florida.

As Raymond has now gone abroad again, I feel I should let you know that I may not be able to forward him your paper; in which case I should not like to trouble you to continue to send it to me.

With many thanks, I remain
Yours faithfully,
F. Pettit

Editor's Note: This letter from Raymond's father was received with keen pleasure and we appreciate his many kind words. If you find it possible to forward the papers, Mr. Pettit, please drop us a line and we will put Raymond back on our mailing list.

Letter From a Former Student

"Class 3-43-AMC is still all together and is working on the line at the Eastern Air Line Depot, Atlanta, Ga. They are working six hours a day on planes that are in constant use. Their work consists mostly of inspection and engine run-up.

"Besides working right on the line they also have the opportunity to fly at any time so long as they do not miss any formations.

"The top 15 men in the Class, at the end of this training period, will be sent to advanced flight engineers school. This is a real opportunity for the man who is looking ahead for himself."

Editor's Note: The above is information received by Pjc. Chance, Class leader of 3-43-AMC, from some of the members of that Class.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

The speed and alacrity with which column time rolls around leaves me speechless and suffering from severe shock and



"Cookie"

nervous palpitations. Here I am, futility reminiscing of passed events sans the censorable mention of weather or capricious capers of a solo student and such.

Oh please deah' brain cell, don't throw a dim-out now, just one brilliant thought. No use, one magneto is dead and the wheels won't turn. Doesn't it know that Mr. Jackson just renewed my "C" book? Put down that lead pipe, Wain, I'll do it.

Quick Henry, The Flit

The sandflies are united in an all-out effort to undermine Chapman morale. It's quickly coming to the place where we'll have to have a smudge pot in every office. If some enterprising soul could in some way involve the envious bloodthirsty sandfly against the brutal landcrab, they would in due time annihilate themselves and leave us peacefully alone with the mosquitoes and the snakes.

Hail to the Gals

Chapman Field now boasts of a girls' bowling team which really got into the swing of things a week ago Wednesday for the first time and walked away victorious, having won three out of three games. We direct fanfare and all the trimmings to June Page, Helen Cavis, Helen Webster, Nancy Graham and Charlotte Kayser. Keep up the good work and they'll be singing your praises like Rosie the Riveter.

Traveling Personalities

We had Snow at Chapman this week, a fact which the censors can't cut. We're pulling strings in an attempt to have the Colonnade send Snow back down around the middle of August to calm our fervent brows. Tom Watson, Carlstrom correspondent, was down for a breezy in and out visit last week. (This fellow sufferer was gloating over the fact that he skipped columning and yet missed getting in the Doghouse. Oh, had he known that they'd crucify him in this issue!)

Some Conclusion!

Reminds me of the Ground School Instructor who, when the flight student pondered as to what would happen if the parachute cord broke replied, "My son, that would just be jumping to a conclusion."

Fritz Cook and Gloria Moxley dropped in too last week to lunch with respective Instructors. And that, my frans, is why Instructor morale is so high. Now do you wonder?

While reminiscing, should we forget the gay time we gals had at the Hag Party staged at Marguerite Dowd's. No less of a farewell to Catherine Jones who is headed for the WAFS in Sweetwater, Tex. The team of Dowd and Dowd offered expert and highly polished entertainment. In case the Olympia is interested, just call me any week day between the hours of two and four.

Suete Stuff

Speaking of Sweetwater, three of our private students have passed all requirements for acceptance into the WAFS and will in all probability be included in the May class. Good luck, Jo Nathan, Helen James and Tommy Tompkins.

We forgot to mention last week that we miss Ila Stallcup very much and if the Tech Mess Hall doesn't mind too much we'd like to swap the talented waiter Sgt. Ziegler for her. How's about it?

Blessed events of the week center around the Accounting office. The Bill Grindells have a new addition, a darling little puppy dawg and Jennie (Auntie) Mickel has a new little nephew.

At Ten Spaces

Carlstrom, please take note: Les Lewis is now right hand man at Chapman Field and we respectfully request that you quit horning in on our fanfare. Any future publicity cuts of said Les will cost you money at the rate of 75c per scratch. It's battleships at 10 spaces!

We proudly introduce the new additions

to our Flight Instructor personnel—namely Guy Haygood, George Lambros, Jr., John Muller and Crenville Curtis. This now makes for one of the smoothest operations yet and by the grace of the forces that be, we'll keep it that way.

BOWLING LEAGUES NOW UNDER WAY

Some 350 Embry-Riddle bowling enthusiasts packed the Recreation Bowling Lanes to form the leagues for their spring and summer play. Twenty-four teams organized into four leagues.

Emmitt Varney was elected President, Gordon Bowen, Vice-President, Miss Billie Todd, Secretary, and James Blakeley, Treasurer. Committees are now being appointed by Mr. Varney to conduct the league business.

Opening Night

The opening night's play, which was conducted on a scratch basis, marked the superiority of the Chapman Field teams. Their No. 1 team made a clean sweep of their three games in the "A" League. No. 2 team turned the hat trick in the "B" League, and the girls' team made a clean sweep of their series with the Accounting girls to take the lead in that Division. The "C" League leadership was taken over by the Transportation team.

• Do Your Part Buy More Bonds •

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

An Embry-Riddle Dance will be held Saturday, April 24, at the Coral Gables Country Club. Dancing will be from nine 'til one, and the admission will be \$1.00 per person.

Tickets can be obtained from the following people:

TECH SCHOOL	Wain R. Fletcher
ENGINE OVERHAUL	Gladys C. Goff
AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL	Catherine W. Kerr
COLONNADE	Helen Dillard
COLISEUM	Laurice Anderson
INSTRUCTORS SCHOOL	Harry W. LeRoy
GRANADA SHOPS	Joseph W. Ellis
SEAPLANE BASE	Rosemary Obert
CHAPMAN FIELD	Cara Lee Cook
PURCHASING and	
WAREHOUSE	Mary Frances Perner

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM FIELD

by Bleeka Kistler

After such a delightful vacation spent in Miami, I am finding it very difficult to get back in the groove. But I know I must so I'll make a brave attempt.



I enjoyed so much meeting the personnel and being escorted around the Engine Overhaul by such charming young ladies as Gladys Goff and Kathryn

Bruce. Gladys is really up on the business of Engine Overhaul, which made the tour most interesting—but may I ask, Gladys—how could you guess that that odd shaped thing on my head was brand new? I think Miss Bruce enjoyed the tour as much as I.

Next we went to Wain Fletcher's office where I had the extreme pleasure of meeting and chatting with Wain and her assistant, Vadah. Now I understand why the Fly Paper is such a huge success, with two such capable persons as editors.

Aircraft Overhaul

From there I went over to Aircraft Overhaul and was shown around by our old friend Pete Prince. Pete looks great and sent regards to everyone. I just could go on and on about Miami, but I suppose I'd better get in some gab about our own department. But what will I gab about?

Up until now I have had not one single note dropped in the "news box." Come on, guys and gals, let's have some news from your departments. For your information, the box is just inside the door as you punch your clock card.

I am very sorry to have left out the name of Jack Pooser in last week's edition. Jack has been with us since the beginning of Overhaul and is now Head of Primary Assembly. Sorry, Jack, I did not mean to leave you out. Excuse it, please.

There was also a misprint—Les Lewis is Chief Inspector and Test Pilot at Chapman Field, and Lloyd Rames, Chief Inspector and Production Control here at Carlstrom.

Our Loss

Mrs. Robinson, who was one of the first to be employed in Overhaul, has been transferred to Miami. She has proven to be a very efficient worker, and we were sorry to lose her—but our loss is Pete's gain—write to us and let us know how you are getting along, Elvia.

Reward is offered to anyone who can give information concerning the roses that mysteriously appear on Mildred H's desk each morning—also as to why she suddenly has a yen for the—West.

Imagine the embarrassment in store for poor little modest Ella Mae when she sees last week's Fly Paper.

Welcome into our family, Dean Marshall. Dean recently joined the Inspection department. We are at a loss to know the reason for the heavy bandage on his left hand—could it have been a "prop," or did "Katie" leave her mark?

I just received news that our adopted "Cub" will soon be on its feet again. "Al" had a very discouraged look on his face yesterday when he tackled the fuselage covering, but he's doing a fine job with it.

S' Long, "Stevie"

S'long and lots of luck to Steven Swestyn who is leaving to accept a job at Chapman Field in Miami. The girls in Hangar No. 1 will miss "Stevie."

When asked why she goes about her duties with such a "mournful" expression, Jennie M. will reply "He's leaving for the Army soon, and I'll miss him so."

To those of you who are not investing in Bonds, may I say—we are soon to have a Bond Drive, and let's do our bit toward making our department 100 per cent.

My apologies, Hazel C., for overlooking your new hair-do. It's very becoming, and mighty pretty.

Thank You, Sir

The entire Overhaul department wishes to thank Mr. Jayette and his staff for putting on such a lovely dinner for our anniversary party. The tables were beautifully decorated, the food delicious and attractively prepared. Mr. Jayette, you did

FRONT PAGE STORY

Bleeka Kistler, Head of the Fabric department at Carlstrom Field, was responsible for the excellent story which appeared on the front page last week marking the first anniversary of the Aircraft and Engine Division of the Embry-Riddle Company.

It was at Carlstrom Field that that Division had its beginning, and Bleeka did a fine job of reporting its history.

a splendid job toward making our party a real success.

Let's Pitch In

Folks, I am writing this entirely without inspiration or help, so please let's have some interesting news from each department for next week—won't you contribute in the future?

I am sitting on the beach at "Lido" while writing this and the rolling waves are not inspiring my writing instincts, so I'll sign off for now and go swimming.

EXPENSIVE PARROT

A sailor went into an auction room where a parrot was being sold. He bid \$10, but was raised to \$15. He bid \$20 and was raised again. The bidding was continued until the sailor got the parrot for \$45.

"That's a lot to pay for a bird," the sailor told the auctioneer. "Can the parrot talk?"

"Can he talk?" the auctioneer replied. "Who do you think was bidding against you?"

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"



Helen Dillard, Editor of Colonnade Cannonade, tried to get the Fly Paper seat of dishonor this week, but Carlstrom Editor Tom Watson's priority was a notch higher. Guess we'll have to build a duplex to accommodate these double-headers.



Catherine Minges, RAF Stenographer

the best of luck. Miss Oglesby has been succeeded by Ethel "Bobby" Fore.

Congratulations to Sergeant Moyes, who was recently promoted. The P.T. Sergeant has been busy getting a Soccer pitch and track laid out, with a track meet scheduled for the near future.

More congratulations to Sgt. Studley, who "resides" at the Hospital, as he will leave for O.C.S. in the near future.

"The Fuller Brush Club" is the newest organization on the Field. The two charter members of the Club are Thomas Snow, Mess Hall, and Advanced Instructor Stan Reeder. The basic requirement of this Club is that you must always carry a sample brush—on your upper lip.

Mrs. Neal Dwyer is the new Clerk at the Mess Hall.

General Manager Tyson has received word that Pilot Officer Hunter, Course 3, is reported missing and is believed to have been killed in action. His mother sent the information, and we extend the sincere sympathy of the entire Field to her.

Bob Reese, Hangar Inspector of Maintenance, soloed last week.

Our two orphans, as far as news is concerned, the Maintenance department and the Flight lines, are out in the cold again this week. So come on, you great big mechanics and you wonderful Flight Instructors, come forth with some news—please!

Our newest Associate Editor is Cadet Peter Hardware, Course 13, who has promised to do some cartoons for us soon.

One Year Ago

Mrs. Elisha D. Hubbard, Palm Beach, has been entertaining many RAF Cadets at her home—Fourteen members of Course 5 have anniversary dinner celebrating the founding of the Manchester University Air Squadron—Picture of "Vaughan's Army," Course 6, and Harold Cowlshaw, Ground School Instructor, are in this edition—Stan Reeder, Bob Richardson, and Frank Veltri are transferred from the Link department to the Primary Flight line—Joe Obermeyer, Chief Link Instructor, is Man of the Week—Mr. Riddle and Syd Burrows visit Riddle Field.

Pictured on this page is the Chief Stenographer of the RAF Office, Miss Catherine Minges. Katie has been at this Field for

over a year and a half now and has always proved a very efficient, most cheerful person. Congrats on your record, Katie—keep up the good work.

The Link department says "welcome home" to Instructor Neal Dwyer, who has now completely recovered from a recent appendectomy. A farewell wish to Link Instructor A. W. "Jinks" Lyndon, who resigned recently, is "good luck."

Sergeant Elwell is a new addition to the RAF Staff here and will assist in Ground instruction.

First word from the recently graduated Course 11 came from Johnny Potter who wrote us from Jacksonville as they passed through there.

Congratulations are in order to Captain

Wilkins, our Medical Officer, who was recently advanced to this rank.

We wonder why Ruth Bryant of Operations is so interested in Astrology lately—especially in Venus, Jupiter and Mars.

In Accounting t'other day, a charge of \$3.00 was made against the payroll check of a certain blonde now working in Accounting and the money duly deducted from the pay check. It developed that no one could find out why the charge had been made, and all concerned wondered why the usual squawk hadn't been heard.

In fact, curiosity reached the point of causing a phone call to be put through to said blonde, with intent to find out why there hadn't been a squawk. Replied the blonde, "I thought it was just some sort of new tax somebody had figured out."

Exceptional Background Wins Three-Month Trip to England For Sq. Commander Cockrill

Squadron Commander J. T. Cockrill returned to Riddle Field last week after three months in England, where he observed and took part in RAF Instructor training and also had the opportunity to observe actual operational work.

"Johnny," as he is better known, was one of the two men from the entire United States to do this work. He was chosen because of his exceptional background in aviation, and incidentally, these two fellows were the first civilians to receive RAF training.

Johnny was one of the first twelve Instructors to start training Army Air Corps Cadets at Carlstrom Field back in 1941, before being transferred to the RAF training when the first class arrived. Upon the completion of Riddle Field, Cockrill continued with No. 5 BFTS at Clewiston and has been here ever since.

Visited Riddle Field

He flew to England in a B-24 last January and upon arrival was the guest of Air Commodore Carnegie, formerly with the RAF delegation in this country and often a visitor at Riddle Field. In the Commodore's private plane he and Carnegie toured various bases, and it was on this tour that Johnny saw several former Clewiston students.

He spent some time with F/O T. S. Haynes, Course 3, and he also saw F/O Peter Mellor, Course 3, P/O Williams, Course 2, and F/O Cooke, Course 4. The latter three are Instructors at an Advanced Flying Unit, while Haynes is an Instructor at a Flying Instructors school.

Cockrill received complete instructional training, ground school and gunnery as well as flying. The ships he flew included Miles Masters, Oxfords, Ansons, Beauforts, Miles Majesters, Hurricanes and Tiger Moths.

Johnny stated that "the people did everything in their power to make me enjoy

the trip—and it was wonderful. England has really done an incredible job of protecting herself. She has a marvelous air defense and a great RAF. I am especially proud of the asset which our Clewiston trained boys are to the Royal Air Force, as they are all doing great work."

When asked what he missed most on his trip, Cockrill replied, "Beef steaks, Florida oranges, and soda." In concluding, Johnny said, "I was very pleased with the reception given to me, I learned a lot of new things and had a d— good time."

The Squadron Commander's flying ca-



Sq. Comdr. Cockrill in England

reer started back in 1937, when he first soloed at Warrenton, Va. From there, he became an Instructor at the Ft. Myers Airport in 1938, before going to the Dunn Flying Service. (The owner, incidentally, is the same Carl Dunn who is now Stage Commander at Carlstrom Field.)

Cockrill flew newspaper deliveries to some of the West Coast Islands, this outfit being the first to do that type of work. He also flew a lot of timber prospects over the Everglades and can remember "seeing

Continued on Page 12

AT EASE

Anyone who would like to hear his voice on the radio can do so by going to the 27th Ave. U.S.O. some Friday night at 8 p.m. Every other Friday a quiz program is recorded at the U.S.O. and then broadcast over station WIOD Saturday afternoon at 4 p.m.

Pfc. McGuire, who is waiting here for his OCS assignment, acts as Master of Ceremonies. Six service men are selected from the audience each time to be quizzed and most of them are usually students of Embry-Riddle School. The next recording will be made Friday, April 30th.

The boys put on a splendid show at the U.S.O. last Thursday night and all the actors were called back for encores. The musical background was furnished by H. D. Goudelack at the piano and Morris J. Gottlieb at the drums.

Gordon M. Hayes as master of ceremonies prevented dull moments from creeping into the show and also took active part in some of the acts.

He introduced: D. Santman with a new Donald Duck number and a harmonica encore; H. D. Goudelack with a piano solo; H. M. Weiner as soap box orator and imitator; John W. Coward in a baritone solo and a duet with Lorraine Bosley from the Sheet Metal department; Gordon M. Hayes and James Potter in a comic act which had the audience rolling in the aisles.

At the finish Miss Bosley lead the audience in singing "Till I'm Home in Your Arms," a song written by Kelly Newsome of the Sheet Metal department.

The following is a song written by Pfc. Walker of Class 20-43-A-1:

THAT'S WHAT THE ARMY'S DONE TO ME

*My clothes look a little bit neater
My pants never bag at the knees
I'm always up on time, shoes always have a shine*

That's what the Army's done to me.

*I've learned how to wash dirty dishes
I curse to a certain degree
I write to my honey and send home for money*

Yes, that's what the Army's done to me.

There's only one thing that the Army don't teach

*And that's the way to make love
The nearest to you that my arms ever reach
Is your picture that hangs up above.*

*I've marched twenty miles in a rainstorm
Had more than enough of K.P.*

There isn't much I miss, only a good-night kiss,

That's what the Army's done to me.

(Copywritten)

S/Sgt. Coulthurst was the first to hear it. His serenaders were: Pfc. Harry Walker, Frank Ferrara, Harold Cohen, Joseph Adasynski, Robert Hunt and Roy Mullins.

ARMY BOYS WHOOP IT UP AT U. S. O.



At the extreme left, Master of Ceremonies Gordon Hayes is seen a little below Comedian James Potter, while H. M. Weiner orates from a chair. At the traps is Morris J. Gottlieb, and Donald Santman is at the mike. John W. Coward holds forth with a fine baritone while strumming his guitar to the accompaniment of H. D. Goudelack at the piano.

BUGLE CALL

On the cloudy afternoon of April 13, 1943, with alibis very scarce, the PP's softball team went down to defeat before a fast and quite level headed (in comparison) 2-43-C team.

P.P.'s Dood It Again

There was no outstanding play of the afternoon to write about, except a little excitement that was raised by dissension among the members of the PP's team: "If so-and-so was playing there when this happened—and if that had turned out that way—" is all the PP's can think of this gloomy morning.

Because of the four out of five lickings that the PP's took from 2-43-C in the course of the season and because of the fact that the last score was 15 to 10 in favor of the champs, we, the members of the PP's softball team, feel proud to have been able to say "we played them."

Slap that Jap

Due to 2-43-C's graduation in the near future, we want to wish them luck and thanks for all they have taught us and also hope that they can knock off the Japs as well as they knocked us off.

On Wednesday, April 14th, Classes 16-43-A-1 and 17-43-D, residing in the barracks located at 130 Antiquera, were awarded an E Banner and a prize of cigarettes for maintaining their barracks in better condition than any other in the Coral Gables area.

According to the contest rules, the barracks that is the neatest and most orderly

as determined by the inspecting officers will be awarded the banner immediately. The barracks which has the banner for the longest period of time for one month will receive a prize at that time.

It is hoped that all men will actively participate in this contest and that a keen spirit of competition will prevail. There is no reason why one barracks should have possession of the banner all the time.

Welcome to Coral Gables

P.F.C.s of Class 21-43-A-2

Joseph T. Barker	Charles J. McCarson
John C. Baron	William F. Moore
Thurmond K. Barron	Donald F. Myers
Clinton J.	Leighton E. Plattner
Bombard, Jr.	John F. Prucnal
Roland R. Bossle	Melvin A. Remus
Foster W. Braby	John J. Rodovicz
William S. Carrico	Thomas J. Roe
Albert Chernick	Edmund A. Rokicki
John J. Condron	Henry B. Sayner
Joseph A. Cox, Jr.	Frank J. Senski
Warner S. Davis	Almer K. Shirley
William F. Gulliver	Joseph W. Stryker
James A. Harrell	Theodore J. Wala
James O. Johnson	Julius Wolfinsohn
Jesse J. Jones	John N. Wysong
Wilfred C. Kage	Charles P. Yost
Alfred J. Klein	Vincent Paul Zarlinga
John B. Lawing	Oliver R. Zick
Joseph J. Lukac	Ferdinand F. Zowin
Leo G. Mayville	

We had as our guest this week Chaplain Weaver from the Miami Biltmore. The

message that he brought will prove helpful to the men. We are very grateful to him for his visit and hope that he will come again soon.

Greetings to our friend Sgt. Arthur Wetle who returned from his trip to Chicago this past week. Where's that tan, "Sarge"? It seems to have disappeared.

We don't know just how they play the game of softball in England, but the fact remains that Syd Burrows has a few new quirks. He stops to help his opponent third baseman, who has taken a spill, and in consequence gets put out at first.

Congratulations to Pfc. Herman Meyer of Class 13-43-AMC. He became a "daddy" this week.

They say when a soldier grumbles he's happy. Some soldiers make it an art.

HE WHO LAUGHS

A young Lieutenant was given command of a very tough regiment in Georgia. Giving orders in a soft voice, he made a very poor impression on the men. He was startled by a deep bass voice from the ranks which chortled . . . "and a little child shall lead them!" The officer blushed and finished his orders for the day. The men were delighted with their comrade for his biblical aptness, and broke ranks with sly smiles at each other.

The next morning they gathered in front of the bulletin board to read: "C Company will report at 6 a.m. with complete equipment for a 20-mile hike. And a little child shall lead them on a d— good horse!"

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle



The A & E Division had almost as many pictures in last week's Fly Paper as Carlstrom. And it wasn't even our anniversary.



The Engine Overhaul department, however, is getting ready for a bang-up blow-out in honor of our first anniversary. Hol' yo' hats, folks!

The bowling league is still rolling merrily along. We hear the girls are going to have

an opportunity to swat that old softball around the lot, besides bowling regularly. All girls interested in this latest activity should sign up in Lloyd Budge's office.

Heroes of Production

Monday everybody was a "Hero of Production" during the thunderstorm. The lights went off in an involuntary black-out, but our mechanics kept on working with the aid of flashlights and to the tune of the downpour on our tin roof.

Mr. Pelton, Assistant Superintendent, is back with us after a short leave of absence

to see his father, who is very ill. We extend our sympathy, "Reverend" Pelton, on your father's illness.

We wonder how many of our readers noticed the miniature engine which Mr. Grafflin was examining in his picture in last week's Fly Paper. The engine was made by Bill Ehne, our Superintendent, and it took him over 200 hours to finish it.

It is a single cylinder four-cycle (whatever that means) engine, and it really runs. That is, Mr. Grafflin thinks it runs, and one of these days he's going to send it over to the test stand for a run-in block test.

New employees whom we don't think we've mentioned yet include: Walter Brady (brother of our own "Father Divine" Brady), William Woodcock, John Martini and Clarence Parker (transfer from Riddle Field.)

Emma Cartledge, who has been in our department since its infancy, has left us to go with her soldier-husband to his new post. We will miss Emma, and we wish her luck and happiness wherever she will be.

Louis Anderson and Charlie Phillips are "at home" in their new apartment. We are patiently awaiting your "open house" party, boys!

Why does Lucky Lutz seem to prefer blondes these days? What are those little things under Trixie and Joe's house? What did Bea Monroe bring home from the Naval Officers' dance Saturday night?

Where and Why

Where did Mr. Grafflin get that black Dracula raincoat? Why does Helen Gates need so much help with her time tickets lately? Why does Lester Dunn fuss when we don't mention the test stands in the Fly Paper?

Why does Geraldine Potter look so happy? With what former employee of Engine Overhaul did we see Pat McNamara out on Saturday? Why does Polly need to be careful when she comes into our department?

What did Patricia Drew say that we can't print here? What did Bill Ehne, Griffin, Del Haughn, and others in the Machine Shop do all day Sunday? Why don't more people go out and cheer for our bowling and softball teams? Why don't we stop this rambling and go home?

Okay—so we will.



The Model Airplane Club of the Little River Junior High School recently made a tour of the Tech School. Acting as guide and "explainer extraordinary" is Willard R. Burton, head of the Instructors School.

TECH TALK

by Lynne Fox

After the able columns which have flowed from the pen of Anne Elrod, I rather hesitate to contribute my lot. After writing this I shall probably hide in shame behind the garbage house for ever having tried to equal hers. But in the War effort we each must do our share, so here is my bit in the battle of words.

Please pardon me while I move mama cat over to another part of my desk. She feels the Mess Hall runs solely for her benefit. At the present, in between her nightly perambulations, she sleeps comfortably in alternate shifts in the midst of a pile of the most important correspondence she can find on my desk and in Mr. Kesterson's files.

We were going over her family tree the other day and the sad fact smote us that



Lynne Fox, Tech Mess Hall Stewardess

all of her first family of offspring have already met violent deaths. However, we are glad to report that all five of the second installment are doing fine in the best homes that the adoption bureau of the kitchen staff could find. Little Toby, namesake of our chef, has caught her first mouse.

Peculiar People

So little is known of the workings of our department that perhaps you would like to know something of those peculiar people who feed you your three meals a day. And having known them, perhaps you will be tolerant of their shortcomings.

Of course you know our Annie and Little Eva, otherwise known as Mrs. Simpson. But perhaps God has been good to you and you have yet to run into the terrible tem-

pered Mr. Bang, none other than our own Mr. Soper, my assistant. He earned his name by literally stomping to pieces a packing box which let his two hundred pounds slide through its unsubstantial sides while he loudly called for the safety department to do something quick.

Evidently his cries reached Heaven, for we now have a lovely set of concrete steps in its place at our new unloading ramp, and Mr. Soper's temper and person are for the moment intact.

Known as the "Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang" and the "Powerful Katrinka," with apologies to Fontaine Fox, he and I manage at least to keep the heavier objects of the department moving.

As for the more intricate parts of the machinery, Toby Lanier, our chef, and Mr. Melbourne, our kitchen steward, keep the fine parts of the clock work oiled. And supreme in his stockroom is Fred Kesterson. Of course his hair may be getting a little thin from the frequent tearings he gives it when he just can't locate that missing pound of coffee for his stock cards—could it be sabotage, we ask? He asks too.

What? More Beans?

We're a pretty patient lot, but our good dispositions are beginning to wear thin at hearing, "What! Beans again?" Brother, your beefy days are over for the duration. Why not adopt the tolerant attitude of Lt. Miller who stood up and loudly proclaimed to all that he was tolerant and that no matter how bad the food got in the cafeteria he would eat it without a single complaint. That's cooperation, Lieutenant.

Have you noticed the lovely flowers at our banquets? They're furnished by Mr. Evans who promises that soon his garden will be serving the cafeteria line. He is a real pal to us and even though we have our daily battles on our own "Magainot Line" on the back porch, it's all in good clean cooperation.

The "Magainot Line" divides the sides of the porch which we each have to keep clean and talk about beams and motes and greener pastures on the other side. But anyway we know what to do with garbage trucks, don't we, Mr. Evans?

Share the Wealth

We shall miss "Papa" Hiss and his staff who moved to the Colonnade this past Monday. There has been much weeping and wailing of the fairer sex over losing Malcolm Byrnes from the Tech School area; but what is Tech School's loss is the Colonnade's gain and after all, girls, we must learn to share the wealth.

We have been celebrating anniversaries in our ranks for the past month. Mr. Kesterson, Mrs. Simpson and Anne Elrod have just completed their first year with Embry-Riddle and I have two more weeks to go to join their little fraternity.

RIDERS WANTED

Barbara and "Brad" Bradfield can carry two more people in their car from Coral Gables to the Tech School.

They go up the Tamiami Trail between Columbus Boulevard and Le Jeune Road every morning around 7:45 and return every afternoon at 5:00.

Provided they don't have to go out of their way (gas, of course) they would be glad to pick up two more Tech-ites. Their home is at 1203 Columbus Boulevard.

In closing we want to suggest hip boots for the Overhaul department who came dripping in today to their luncheon right in the midst of the season's first rain. They tried to hold out, but hunger got the best of them; and after a frantic S.O.S. to please keep the line open for them, they braved the elements. It's good to see our food so appreciated. Thanks, folks.

Good bye, must stop this and go stir that pot of beans again for dinner. Yes, I did say *beans*.

New Rental Books At Tech Library

To you who are unable to reach the Library except by telephone we wish to announce that the following new books have been added to the Rental Library:

Crescent Carnival, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Recommended by Betty Harrington.

Satan Has Six Fingers, by Vera Kelsey. Recommended by Betty Bruce.

Life in A Putty Knife Factory, by H. Allen Smith. Recommended by Don Sprague.

Night Shift, by Maritta Wolff. Recommended by Lois Wheeler.

Experiment Perilous, by Margaret Carpenter. Recommended by Lolly Weiner.

There Is Today, by Josephine Lawrence. Recommended by Dorothy Burton.

Mrs. Parkington, by Louis Bromfield. Recommended by Adelaide Clayton.

The Robber Bridegroom, by Eudora Welty.

Death at Dakar, by Kerry O'Neil.

A Model Is Murdered, by Babs Lee.

My Love Belongs to Me, by Dorothy Black.

Treveryan, by Angela Du Maurier.

New Technical Books

Plastics, by Dubois.

Electrical and Radio Notes for Wireless Operators, by Chemical Publishing Co. Communication Engineering, by Everitt.

Elements of Electricity, by Hausman.

Principles of Radio, by Henny.

Essentials of Applied Electricity, by Jones.

Illustrated Aviation Dictionary, by Jordano.

PERSONAL MAIL

If personal mail is coming to you at the Tech School, please notify the Mail Room as to your department or exact address.

Athletically Speaking

by Lloyd Budge

The Embry-Riddle Company Softball team officially opened the Commercial League at Moore Park on Tuesday, April 20th, with Mayor Reeder tossing the first ball when our softball aggregation crossed bats with Miami Ship Building.



The team was formed under the direction of the Softball committee and the Athletic office. The players elected as captain Jimmy Wilbanks, former star first baseman of the Brooks Shatterley team of Atlanta, which held sectional honors for that district.

Jimmy more recently played for the Naval Air Station at Norfolk and is now teaching in our Military Aircraft department. A fine fielder with a good arm and batting in the clean-up position, Jimmy is a welcome addition to the Embry-Riddle sports program.

The battery is composed of Ray Carey, pitcher, and Johnny Adams, catcher, both of the Sandblasting department of our Engine Overhaul Division. Ray is a fast ball right handed pitcher who went to the finals of the state meet several seasons back with Binswanger and Company. His battery mate, Johnny Adams, was catching them

back in the junior league days and they make a very well balanced team.

The first baseman, Don Fink, assisting with the athletic program, is holding down that sack. Second base is being covered by Paul Miller of the Accounting department. At short stop we have Ramon Prado, the flashy South American boy who is greased lightning around the infield.

In the outfield Gerry Cook of Chapman Field is holding down the left garden, Walt Barrie is in center field, Sam Bodden is in right field and Charlie Shepherd is playing the short field. Meade Shepherd, Ted Treff and Dick Middleton are reserve outfielders and Theron Redish and Don Lee are infield utility men.

The team got off to a great start in its opener by taking the measure of Intercontinent by a 5 to 4 score.

WOMEN'S CITY DOUBLES MISSED BY TWO PINS

The Embry-Riddle "E" for Effort in Sports Participation goes to Ethyl Casson and Margaret Dale of the Engine Overhaul Division. Their score of 1010 gave them second place in the Women's City Doubles Bowling Championships. They were narrowly defeated by a margin of two pins for City honors.

At fourth place in the City standings we found another Embry-Riddle team composed of Evelyn Doane and Billie Todd. Their score was 1004, and the team nosing them out of third place had 1006. In the singles Billie Todd of Civil Engines posted a score of 567 to win third place.

As most of these other bowlers were old experienced hands and represent the cream of the local bowling talent, our girls deserve some real praise for their fine showing. They are planning to bowl team matches against the other individual concerns and take on Florida Power and Light on Sunday, May 2nd, and then meet the City Championship team from the J. M. Blow Co. on the following Sunday. These matches will be held at the Palace Bowling Alley at 2101 N. Miami Ave.

In the men's bowling circles the old left hander from Chapman Field, Theron Redish, stole the show. His performance of 605 in the City Championships netted him fourth place, not to mention making him \$11 richer.

Softball Situation

The inter-mural softball situation received quite a lift when the Coliseum Field in Coral Gables was made available to our enthusiasts for night play. The league plans to get under way about May 1st, but already the ball players are out limbering up those stiff arms and legs.

STRIKE!



Members of the Military Aircraft bowling team, front row, left to right: Instructors C. B. Cook and John Bordas. Back row, left to right: Instructors G. E. Ryno, J. B. Wilbanks, and Jack Mata, Captain.

Syd Burrows played host to Capt. Clayton's Army Officers team last Friday night at the Coliseum. At the last check of the score board the Army had a lead of 17 to 2, with Capt. Clayton pulling down all the wild throws around first base with his green cap pulled down at a rakish angle and Lt. Larkin fielding all the infield hits from third base all the way over to second. The Burrows team was completely outplayed.

Rumors

It is rumored that the Dodgers are asking releases from the U. S. Army for these players to fill in their own ranks. A return engagement is being booked this coming week as soon as Syd can buy a battery and seven championship caliber players to help himself to a victory and revenge over the Army squad.

A draft of vicious mules had arrived at the camp, and a new recruit made the common but sad mistake of approaching too near the business end of one of them. His pals caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher, and started off for the hospital.

On the way the injured man regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along, and shakily lowered his hands over the sides, only to feel space.

"Heavens!" he groaned. "I ain't hit the ground yet!"

LOST!

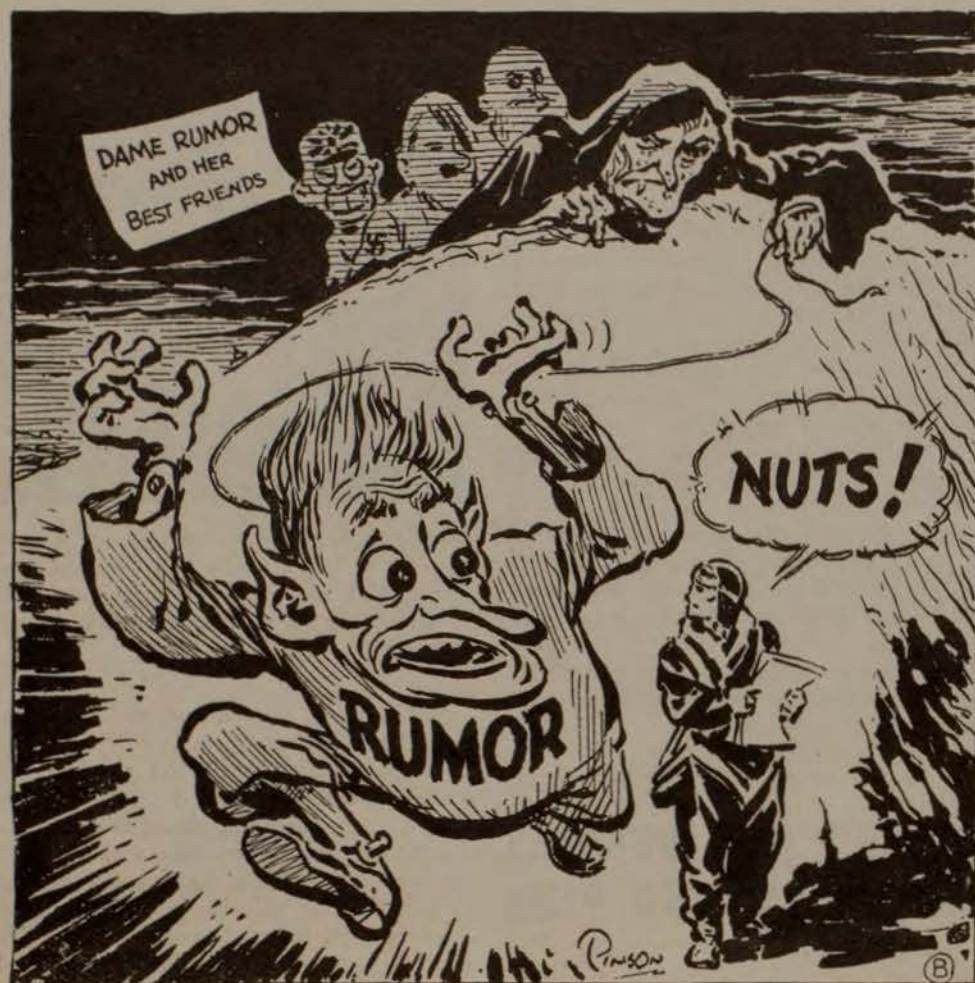
A book entitled *Ambassadors in White*, by Wilson, is lost, strayed or stolen. Anna Katherine Fries of Military Engines is the bereft.

The loser will greatly appreciate the return of this tome to her or to Dorothy Burton in the Library—before she has to provide a replacement.

DORR SPORTSMAN



Timmy Frank, young son of Lt. and Mrs. W. H. Frank, as he appeared after a hunting expedition at the south end of the Field. That long article held aloft in his right hand is a real snake, to which he has become very much attached, much to Mrs. Frank's horror.



RUMORS

Dame Rumor is a vicious old woman as deadly as any saboteur who ever dropped a monkey wrench on the assembly line or flipped a lighted match around the ammunition dump.

Every few weeks a new one crops up and cuddles itself in the receptive minds of the bright young men learning to fly for Uncle Sam in training centers all over the country.

You Might Hear . . .

You might hear one day that the P-00000 will cut your head off, that the B-77777 is a "killer," while the following day may bring forth the news that the B-55555 can't land and the P-111111 is tail-heavy.

And the answer to all of them without exception, the experts say, is probably "Nuts."

Months of Experiment

Every model fighting plane in use by the government is backed by months of scientific experiment and practical testing by top manufacturing concerns and the United States military aviation experts. They are bound to be good before acceptance by Uncle Sam.

What most often is sadly lacking is the necessary experience to handle the specific ship. Planes are designed for specific purposes. The characteristics of one are not the characteristics of the other.

The fact that rumor has it that such and such a plane will not spin is of no im-

portance whatsoever because the experts will tell you that it was not made to spin.

Confidence in equipment is vital to the War effort and to the vast program of pilot training. Loose talk serves no useful purpose. Rumors and sabotage follow the same path.

RIDDLE FIELD

Continued from Page 7

Riddle Field when it was nothing but miles of water."

In 1940, he went to Maryland where he conducted a Primary and Secondary CPT Program, and then he did an extensive course for the U. S. Department of Commerce on "An Unconventional Airplane Control with Tricycle Gear."

This work included instructing men and women of all ages and all backgrounds on unconventional aircraft and then changing them to conventional aircraft and noticing their reactions. Then, in 1941, he started at Carlstrom and has been with the Embry-Riddle organization since that time.

We congratulate you on this splendid record, Johnny, and we're glad you had a good trip; it is also a pleasure to "welcome you home." We feel certain that the application of your new knowledge will result in the improvement and standardization of the training program.

ODE TO A RODENT

*Adolph Schickelgruber is the hero of this tale,
He used to hang wall-paper and spent some time in jail;*

*Yes, 'twas while he was in prison that he started all this mess
With loud and wild dictation to a guy named Rudolph Hess.*

*He stated in his ravings "Mein Kampf," the book by name,
How short the war was gonna be, how great the Germans' fame.*

*He said he'd some day rule the world, he could, he said, by might,
Said he'd regiment his countrymen and give them guns to fight.*

*He changed his name to Hitler, he felt that lent prestige;
Of course he didn't need it, but it could be said with ease.*

*He formed the Nazi Party, and started on his plan,
To nail all Freedom to a cross and let Barbarism stand.*

*He plowed thru tiny countries, left destruction on each side,
He didn't mind the death he caused, said swine should well have died.*

*He offered Mussolini for his aid and fighting-men
His very solemn promise of great power in the end.*

*Said from the conquered countries he'd give him quite a chunk
But alas! Poor fat Benito found Adolph's word was bunk.*

*He gave Laval some words of praise, said France was sure to fall,
But now, Pierre is squirming with his back right to the wall.*

*He said to invade Great Britain and Russia would be a snap
But his failure to execute this plan proves Adolph's just a sap.*

*And now America, with all her power, has entered in to win!
I suppose when it's all over, a Schickelgruber will live again.*

L. H. F.

Instructor to a lady Trainee: "Describe a nut and a bolt."

Miss Trainee's answer: "A bolt is a stick of iron with a bunch on one end and a lot of scratches wound around the other. A nut is a bunch of iron with a hole in it and scratches are wound around the inside."

Contributed by Kirby C. Smith, Superintendent of Technical Training

Marion Carlstrom Upholds Tradition Of Flying Family

It is quite within the realm of possibility that Carlstrom Field soon will see another member of the family for whom it was named. Marion Carlstrom, now receiving advanced training at Avenger Field, Texas, may be assigned to a mission that will bring her to the Field which bears her family name.

Carlstrom is a flying family. Victor achieved a brilliant name as an aviator but was killed in an airplane accident, and it was for him that Carlstrom was named back in World War I. His brother, Carl, served as a flyer in that War, and it is his daughter who is now completing her qualifications for service in the Ferry Command.

A Novelty

Marion learned to fly in Lima, Peru, where she went as an exchange student from Bennington College, Vt., to the University of San Marco. Women flyers were definitely a novelty in that part of the world, so her instructors took special pains with her instruction.

Her progress was such that she eventually was awarded a trophy by President Prado for participation in an air race against male pilots over the Andes mountains. She was the second woman to receive a pilot's license in Peru and the first to wear the gold identification bracelet of the Peruvian Air Force.

Miss Carlstrom is a member of the unit headed by the noted woman flyer, Jacqueline Cochran, and when she is qualified for the service of ferrying planes from factory to base, it is hoped that she will some day wing her way to the Field called Carlstrom.

The Right Thing

When "flying school habits" begin to seem a little old-fashioned, childish, unnecessary, the danger flag goes up.

There comes a time in the life of almost every pilot when he begins to think he's good, when he begins to chafe under the sound, well-planned routines and principles laid down by the men of experience.

There comes a time when he seems to underestimate the hazards or to overestimate his ability. He tries to do a little more than good judgment dictates. He will land closer behind the plane ahead than necessary or change position in a flight formation without ascertaining the exact location of other members of the flight.

He may try to land in the last third of the runway in spite of the fact that his Instructor and his own good judgment have

ATHLETICS AT DORR FIELD



A Little Friendly Rivalry

told him to land in the first third or go around for another approach.

He will land in rough or obstructed area despite the warnings of his Instructors or fly closer to the tow target than instructions indicated. In short, he begins to think he's pretty "hot."

When this time arrives, it's time to slow up and *think*. Think about your own flying time in comparison to the men who formulated the rules and policies under which you have been instructed. Think about the varied experience of these men in good weather and bad, the many types of planes they have flown, the vast progress that has been made during their time.

Remember that cockiness and foolhardiness go hand in hand. Don't make the mistake of thinking of yourself as "confident" when "foolhardy" may be the better word. Follow instructions. Do the *right* thing prescribed by the men who know best.

DORR DOINGS

by A/C Mac Bigelow

With good weather and a lot of luck, 43-H is ending its flying at Dorr this week. Final checks and ground school exams—*notwithstanding*, it's the week we've been "sweating out" for longer than we care to remember.

An often heard remark in the "bunk flying" session is, "Never thought I'd make it." So if we wear our caps a little cockier or walk a little straighter, excuse it, please. We're just proud.

There's a certain Cadet who's more careful now about cockpit procedure than before, and for good reason. It seems he was up the other day and was diving to gain speed for a slow roll. As he brought the nose up and entered the roll, he checked his tach and noticed the little placard above it that says to fasten the front safety belt when flying solo.

He then remembered his own belt and looked down. There it was, dangling on the floor. Being a purposeful young man and not one to quit something once started, he got a death grip on the stick and the throttle, braced his head against the windshield and completed the roll. We'll not divulge his name, since his Instructor reads the Fly Paper too.

Slick piece of machinery, the P-47 that spent a few hours with us last week. It had enough gadgets in the cockpit to fill a B-17's bomb bays. The PT's ceased being so much fun after we got a close-up of it.

43-I is pretty much at home now, with some having soloed and all of them having made friends. On closer inspection we find they're lousy with CPT grades, glider pilots and former aerial engineers. We've noticed quite a few American Theater of Operations ribbons on their shirts too.

Speaking of aerial engineers, there's one in the Upper Class who's been taking a ribbing from his roommates about flunking an engines quiz.



"Let's-Have-Fire-Drill" Alby Kellingsworth



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, G. W. Morse, Jerry Greenberger, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Milton Steuer, Mary Brink, Bob Fowler, Jimmy Wilkinson, Harold Curtis, Louise Roath, Peter Hardware, Associate Editors.

It was our privilege this past week to inspect the Cadet Club for the first time. It is our opinion that it has been well equipped and is being conducted very nicely. The only objection is that it isn't large enough to handle the throngs of Cadets who take advantage of its facilities; however, we understand that this difficulty may be overcome in the near future.



The Club, which was started and partially equipped by Mr. and Mrs. Ira L. Nesmith of Palm Beach, is located in the Clewiston Community Center. The lounge room has facilities for reading, darts, cards, dancing, radio, etc., and on Saturday evenings, a Cadet band holds forth with swing music for the Cadets and their dates.

Splendid Work

Thanks to several of the good ladies in Clewiston, food and soft drinks are available at cost to the boys. The ladies who take care of this department are from the Catholic Alter Ladies Society, Co-Pilot's Club and the Ladies Aid of the Community Church. They are to be complimented for this undertaking and thanked for their splendid work.

The Cadet Officers of the Club are Charlie Weber, Cliff Suhm and Stan Woodhams, all of Course 2, who arrange activities, take care of finances, etc. They are conducting the Club in a very efficient manner.

So, may we congratulate all who are "operating" the Club for the fine job they are doing and for starting this worthwhile addition to the Cadet social life in Clewiston. And, since the quarters are at present a little small, may we suggest that the male civilian and Officer guests confine their visits to occasional ones, and thus keep the Cadet Club for the Cadets.

Know the Departments

We are going to list members of the various departments and flights each week so that our readers will know Who's Who on Riddle Field.

This week we'll list all the departments and personnel in the Administration building.

First, the Riddle-McKay Administrative offices of General Manager G. Willis Tyson,



"Colonel Ding Dong" Bell,
Instrument Instructor

Assistant Managers J. W. Durden and Buxton, along with their secretaries, Nelva Purdon and Natalie Reese.

Captain Persinger, Commanding Officer of the 75th A.A.F., has his office here, including his Staff, Sgt. Robert M. LaFlower, S/Sgt. Phillip Kinmon and Pvt. Morris Paris, and the secretary, Mrs. Driggers.

Chief Accountant W. I. Lawson has his department here too, working not only with Accounting, but also with Payroll and Personnel. Assisting Mr. Lawson are Henry McCrea, Edward Segers, Joy Roberts, Mary

PROMOTION



Air Marshall Sir Douglas Evill, head of the RAF delegation in Washington, has been appointed Vice Chief of Staff and a member of the Air Council, according to the London Gazette.

Leonard, Ruby Ross, Mary Anderson and Natalie Paris.

Last, but by no means least, Chief Telephone Operator June Crow and her efficient crew, Louise Hendry, Clarice Carlisle, Judy Prevatt and Virginia Dean, hold forth at the Riddle-McKay switchboard.

Here and There

The Quarantine Kids of Course 14 were turned loose last week end, and from what we hear, they had a grand time in Palm Beach and Miami. You know, that six weeks' (almost) quarantine was really getting the boys down. We saw ever so many walking to the gate and back in the evenings, and we even saw one chap running there in his P.T. kit.

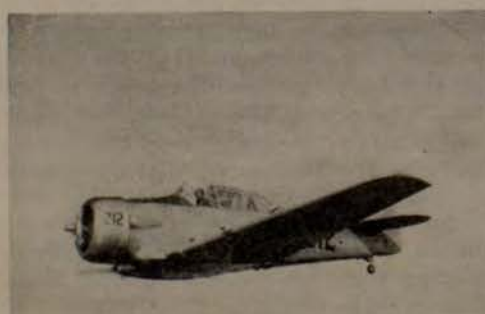
New coats, white trimmed in blue, have been given to the Mess Hall waiters and add to their appearance. Several colored waitresses have also been added to the staff.

The Link department is bragging about tripling its bond deductions during the current War Bond Drive. Every Link-ite is having the bond deduction taken from his pay check, and the department is subscribing to slightly over 10% of the total monthly payroll. How is your department doing with its Bond Deductions?

Not Married . . . Yet

And speaking of the Link, Miss Julia Oglesby, popular Dispatcher better known as "Iggy," resigned this week. (Incidentally, not to get married—yet.) We regret to see Iggy leave; however, we wish her

A Ts AT RIDDLE FIELD





by Pat Grant

When you hear the sound of the gong, it will be exactly time for another series in this hair curling weekly dramatical episode entitled "White Caps," alias Mad Caps.



Fasten your safety belts. We are not responsible for fire, theft or collision; but we do urge you to try Moods Memorable Mentholated Mixture — backwards

it spells DOOM—changes Ping to Purr, changes Purr to Swish—all you have to do is tear two wings off the top of a Cub—Oh, this is ridiculous.

Always Something

With things being censored and what isn't censored being rationed, we're having more than a bit of difficulty with our news.

But rain or shine, snow or sleet, fog or censors, the Fly Paper must go thru, and for unusual aspects we entreat you, visit "Ye Olde Seaplane Basee"—for as one of our cross country students was heard to say, "Does this squeak mean I'm on the beam?" Shades of Carruthers!

The Base took on the formal air of the auction sale but a few days ago with "Wee Willie Waters" turned auctioneer breaking into the chant—picture W.W.W. seated atop (of all things) a bushel basket full of beans asking for bids on said hamper of legumes.

Bean Bargain

With the shortage of paper bags going full tilt, newspaper sheets made a memorable substitute. The customers went wild over this luscious bargain but order prevailed.

Splash of the week is accredited to Art Yates who took his Post solo dunking in high gear—many happy landings to you, Art.

The Base's welcome sign was set out for some old, old friends and pals—Capt. Paul Horvath, who, after flying in a B-25, switched to a Cub to see if he could still do it—former Instructor Mike Covert, now with Army Transport—who dropped in with a cheery "hello" for the gang.

Arabelle Leonard

Another Embry-Riddle-ite has made the front page as was noted when a copy of the Hartford City News-Times of Indiana was sent to the Fly Paper office.

Arabelle Leonard, former flight student

and ramp girl at the Seaplane Base, was given considerable space when it became known that she had been accepted for training for the famed Ferry Command.

On April 25 Arabelle will report for duty at Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Texas, where she will receive training as a member of the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squardon.

We all know that Arabelle will be an outstanding member of the WAFS, and we all wish her the best of luck and happy landings.

But now it is our sad duty to inform you that our inexhaustible source of news is exhausted, so we'll sign our arrival notice and be away.

The story is told of a man who drove into a filling station and said, "Fill 'er up." The attendant fainted.

Things Worth While

by Minette Harrington

*To know joy of giving without gain,
To be free of the torment of physical pain,
To watch a baby's innocent smile,
These are the things worth while.*

*To sense the justice which comes from above,
To be worthy to share a trusting love,
To know a friend who is without guile,
These are the things worth while.*

*To view a sunset mixed with the blue,
To know to thine ownself you are true,
To naturally detest all things vile,
These are the things worth while.*

*To have tolerance for the lesser blessed,
To bring cheer to one who is depressed,
To remember to wear a kindly smile,
These are the things worth while.*

*To be able to look in your memory book,
And find not one friend whom you forsook,
To make graciousness your habitual style,
These are the things worth while.*

*To live in a land that's free for you and me,
And the children who are, and those to be,
To do our share, each fighting mile,
These are the things worth while.*



A. Williams

Even at home one may break a bone and aid the plan of the Axis clan



Spring, you beautiful thing! How green are your valleys and what have you. Your magic has touched Benedict ark, which emerged a few months ago out of a junk heap, in back of the Instrument department.



Peggy Harrod

What ho! My eyes deceive me. Isn't that the agile form of Robin Hood? Could it be that this is Sherwood Forest instead of Benedict Park? Oh, my! I'm seeing double. No, I'm seeing decem-able. Ten Robin Hoods—to you.

There's Sandy Frue, Jim Troy, Jerry Ellis, "Doubting" Thomas, Cliff Reilly, M. F. Luttrell, Siedy Siedenbug, Marvin Duncan, Niles Morén and Joe DuMond.

These archers from the Instrument department are all set to challenge any and all archery teams formed by the Embry-Riddle employees. They have great hopes of getting Lloyd Budge to organize some interesting meets.

Turning Toxophilite (one who is absorbed in archery) for a day, your reporter learned that there is a variety of activity possible to the archer. These range from target shooting, clout, roving, archery-golf, and novelty shoots to actual hunting of game.

Sandy Frue says that hunting gives the archer the deepest satisfaction. Not that you can shoot more game than you can when you use firearms, on the contrary. It's more fun because you can't bag as many with as much ease. It's the pursuit rather than the actual kill that gives the greatest pleasure.

In case the acquisition of archery tackle tends to discourage you, you may be heartened by the fact that some of the boys made their own tackle. Jerry Ellis found a kit at one of the downtown hardware stores. The kit included a stave from which he made his bow.

Sandy Frue got a fence post of locust wood and made his bow too. They say there is real fascination in making your own archery tackle.

Archery is not limited to Robin Hood or William Tell, but belongs to everyone.

"Doubting" Thomas says, "Sure, I'm on the team."

Them's encouraging words to a mere amateur. Friar Tuck Troy says he's willing to be the moving target for you all.

Whether you use the "Spencer system" which can be found in many books on archery, or the system by Frenchy (the scissors grinder man who stops by whenever he sees the boys practicing to give them a few pointers which he learned in France as a young man) it doesn't matter. Both are welcome.

So, come on folks. Let's revive a "Lost Art."

PROP WASH

by LaVerna Powell

Our sparkle has been hidden under a spinner for many moons, but we've decided that props are quite necessary to aviation—ergo—we rear on our hind legs and howl for recognition.

Scanning the Fly Paper every week, we read "Engine Noises," "Wing Flutter," "Instrumentalisms," and look avidly for the merest mention of a propeller as being a necessary feature to aviation, but to no avail.

Since it isn't mentioned, one is led to the conclusion that it is a nondescript something-or-other sticking on the front of a sky-skimmer to clear the cobwebs out of the pilot's cranium.

Spring cleaning in the prop shop has been raging rampant these past few weeks, accompanied by sawing, hammering, and generous sloshing of paint.

REWARD

Two dollars will be awarded to the person whose answer to our plea first appears in the Fly Paper office.

We want the issue of the Fly Paper that pictured a small aerial view of the Tech School on the front page. Dated October 1, 1942, it is No. 24, Vol. IV.

The gals' pretty print dresses and the guys' uniforms are well polka-dotted in places never thought of by the fashion designers. In other words, we all sling a mean paint brush. The place is really flossed up, thanks to Nolan Popenhager's plain and fancy Simon Legreeing.

Nominally, in keeping with the color scheme of the Instructor's uniforms, we have Betty Gray and Clarence Brown to bear out our penchant for meticulous detail. The gang remembered Mr. Rosser's birthday with enough cigarettes to smoke all the Gremlins out of the Gables.

Sure Bets

Class 11-43 are all a pretty swell bunch of Mechs, and a quick thought nominates Pfc. Claude Seagler and Pfc. Emerson Smith as sure bets to "keep 'em flying."

Fate intervened and saved Pfc. Minardi's immediate future in the Air Corps by moving him out of a chair about three minutes before a sky-light window came fluttering down during the Monday storm. He would have been the bull's eye in the target.

Overheard at the end of the blade beam: "Take her to the movies and she'll give you two pats of butter the next time you eat there."

INSTRUMENT ARCHERY TEAM



Sandy Frue removes an arrow from the bull's eye while Athletic Director Lloyd Budge, extreme left, looks on. Sandy's teammates, from left to right, are: Mildred Phelps, Marvin Duncan, M. F. Luttrell, Cliff Reilly, D. Thomas, Jim Troy and Gerry Ellis.

UNION CITY

Continued from Page 1

Leon Caldwell brought in a Tennessee crawfish from the Field. They resemble the fiddler crab on the Florida coast. Makes the female dispatchers screech, too.

Wanted: Someone to take Charlie Sullivan where the big fish hang out.

Lewis Dickson from Clarksville, Tenn., and Chester Hile of Evansville, Ind., have finished their refresher course and are full fledged Instructors. Congratulations.

The other day Micky Lightholder came to work and was hardly recognized. He had his hat off.

* * *

Frank Kelly of McKenzie, Tenn., is going to work for the Grind School as Engines Instructor.

Mr. Kelly is married and has two children. For the past few years he has filled the position of City School Superintendent at McKenzie. Before that he served as principal and coach of the high school in Tifton, Ga.

George Frome is seen frequently on the grounds these days. Keeping the ball rolling on the new construction.

Instructor Walter Nunnally leading a black Cocker Spaniel and two gorgeous femmes around the block.

George Lobdell is taking over the Accounting department. With him goes Alva Nelle Taylor, one of our co-workers. Miss Taylor will take over the duties of posting clerk.

Robert Cullom will take over the Post Supply as head of the stockroom.

Ed Avery was down from Nashville looking things over. George Wheeler, Bill Liverledge, and Frank Wheeler were up from Miami.

Len Povey came in and had time for a brief handshake and was gone. He has been here for three days and has been so busy that this is the first glimpse we have had of him.

Post Chatter

What is this we hear about Mary Lillian and Cecil Creasy? The Canteen is a glorious setting.

What is the joke on this "Slick MacVay business?"

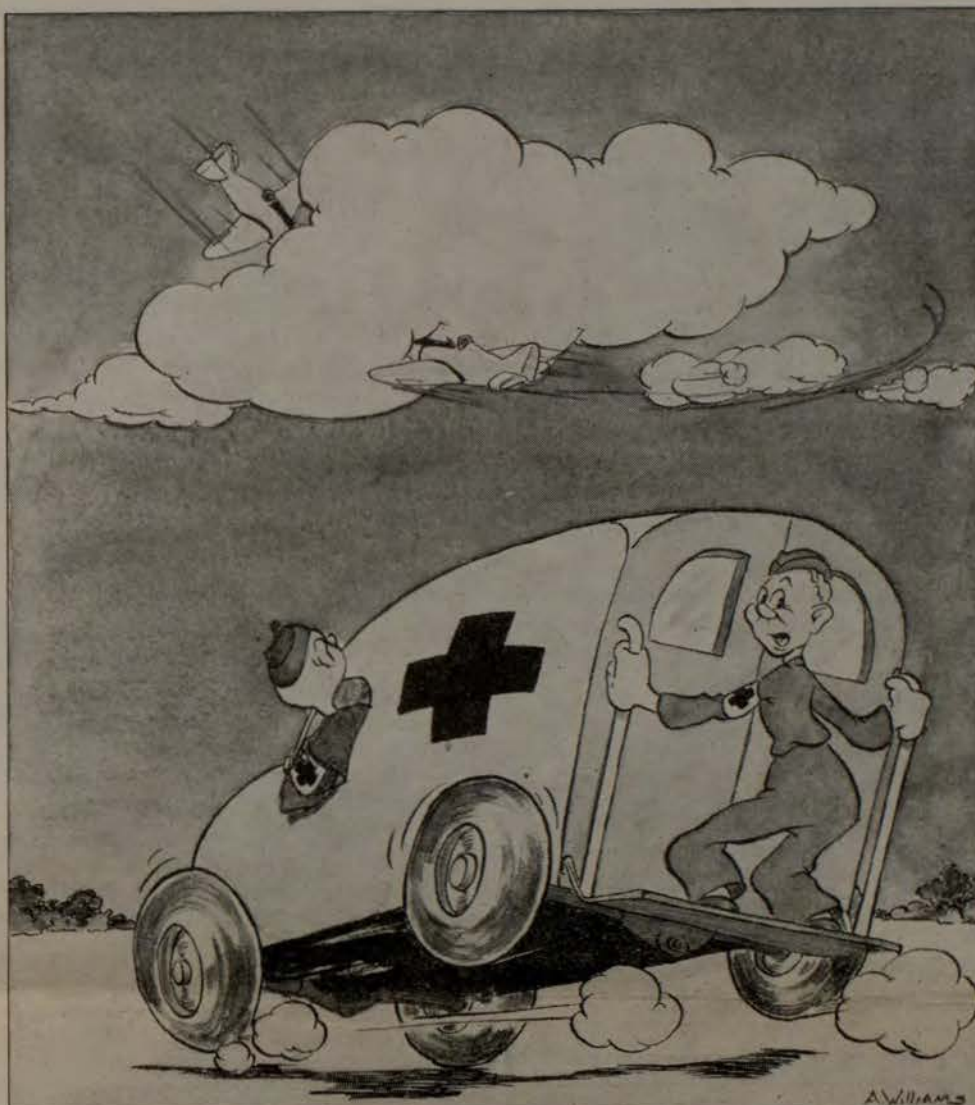
Mr. Woosely never knows what the Mess Hall is going to have for lunch. It's better to keep things like that from the public anyhow.

This cub that belongs to several Instructors in the ground school is a beauty—freshly covered and painted.

"Flywheel" went to Nashville and brought Hunter Galloway's wife back in his Culver. She was a wee bit air sick. We don't blame her; we have been air sick too—turned green in fact.

"El Ropo" Roper is a man hater these days. She is going to be an old maid and have a pack of cats. Of course she may change her mind, so you guys don't get discouraged.

Micky Lightholder did a swell job on the Instructor Insignia design.



Bad Habits Make Good Business

That sergeant in Link Trainer was scared. Oh, those wedding bells. Some friend, as a joke, announced the sergeant's engagement to a young lady in the Union City Daily Messenger and "Sarge" almost went over the hill. He didn't even know her.

TWO ACT PLAY

Title: "Howling Wolves, or Papa Bring The Machine Gun There's A Packard In Front Of Our House."

Players: The Flight Line personnel.

Location: Around and about Operations.

Time: Any busy day.

First Act or Act One

June: (With flashing smile she shows all her molars and bicusps, as she looks at Eric) "Are you ready to go fly?"

Eric: (Vacantly and somewhat tired from the long chase) "I have a Cub Cruiser to sell."

June: "I just adore big strong silent men."

Anne: "I adore men, period."

June: (Irrevelently) "Where's Jesse?"

Cooper: (Taking a deep breath) "Mister, you proceed down that line of airplanes until you get to the signal light on the corner and then turn to the right. Then give this solo slip to the lineman in front of 467,234 and he will crank the ship for you."

Cadet: "Well, I just wanted to report my time."

Cooper: "Oh, in that case, etc., etc., etc.,"

Anne: (She starts singing in a deep bass voice) "Billy Boy, Ooooooh my charming Billieeeee."

L. Cashon: "Hornbeak is the home of beautiful women and the Cashons."

Ray Ryan: "I don't see why we only got eight hundred hours this morning."

June: "Has anyone seen Mr. Woodward?"

Woody: (Hiding under a parachute in the cloakroom) "Shhhhhh....."

At this point Charlie Sullivan, Assistant Director of Flying, walks in.

June starts writing on the dispatch sheet.

Eric: "Where's my airplane? I had it just a minute ago."

Anne: (Calls number four) "All Flight 2 Cadets report to Operations immediately for solo ships."

Ken hurriedly slaps his eyes to get them open and starts checking assignment boards furiously.

George yawns and looks at the Anomometer. Seeing that the wind is only forty miles per hour, he decides it is safe for solo.

Second Act

Same as the first.

